

## **Don't Give Your Heart To Anyone by [dear\\_reader](#)**

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**Summary:**

'I hate to interrupt, but I'd really rather you didn't put your hands all over my boyfriend. Especially when it's obvious he's not comfortable.'

# **Don't Give Your Heart To Anyone**

## **Author's Note:**

So this is my first Reddie fic - I love this pairing SO much and this little idea just wouldn't leave my head, so I had to write it down. It's inspired by The Drifter's song Save The Last Dance For Me. So enjoy, or don't, it's up to you...

**\*\*I don't own any of these characters!!\*\***

The service itself was beautiful. All of the Losers were there to witness two of their best friends promise to love each other for the rest of their lives. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

That was 2 hours ago and now everyone was dancing and chatting at the reception. Pleasantries were exchanged as Bev and Ben made their way around the room to speak to all of their family and friends.

Ben had wanted a big band style group to play live music and so couples around the room were swaying and singing along to all the old but golden tunes.

Richie currently found himself at the bar, nursing a whiskey and listening to Bill tell him the plot of his new book that he was writing. Richie has tuned out when it started to sound too familiar - Bill was writing a story about 7 kids who find themselves thrust into danger one summer. Richie found his eyes scanning the room for his boyfriend.

His boyfriend.

Eddie.

After everything that's happened, Richie could almost never believe that he got to call Eddie his, and had to pinch himself when he did. As it stands, Eddie was currently stood across the other side of the room with a young guy, maybe thirty five? He was dressed stupidly well so his guess was that he was one of Bev's fashion co-workers.

The conversation looked perfectly innocent. Innocent that is until fashion-guy, as Richie had named him in his mind, started to move his hand down from Eddie's shoulder to his hand. Richie narrowed his eyes and saw Eddie's body tense ever so slightly. Now, Richie's not a jealous guy, not especially, but this didn't sit right with him.

He downed his drink and excused himself from Bill's company; as it has it, Mike had just joined them anyway, so he didn't feel too bad.

As Richie made his way over to his boyfriend, fashion-guy tugged on his arm slightly and pulled him to the dance floor. Eddie reluctantly followed him, eyes starting to scan around the room but not being able to find Richie. Eddie wanted nothing more than to escape this awfully overwhelming man's presence and find Richie.

Just as the man made to put his arms on Eddie's lower back, Eddie heard someone clear his throat and immediately let out a breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding.

'I hate to interrupt, but I'd really rather you didn't put your hands all over my boyfriend. Especially when it's obvious he's not comfortable.' Richie speaks as he allows Eddie's hand to slip into his.

'Hey buddy, I was just having some fun.' The fashion-guy drawled as he eyed Richie.

Eddie squeezed himself into Richie's side, feeling thankful to be in his presence again.

'Great, well why don't you go and have fun somewhere else.' Richie was starting to get a little angry now, not backing down.

'Fine. Whatever,' he said, then turning to Eddie.

'Glad your boyfriend could come and save you, because it didn't seem like you were putting up much of a fight.'

As soon as the words had left his mouth, Richie saw red. He was about to flip his shit when -

SMACK.

The next thing he knew, fashion-guy was stumbling back with blood trickling out of his nose and his boyfriend was stood next to him, cradling his fist.

'Fuck you, dude!'

Fashion-guy stumbled off as Richie turned to Eddie.

'Eds, I can't believe you just did that. I've never been more turned on.'

Eddie rolled his eyes and huffed out a laugh.

'Beep beep, Richie. And don't call me Eds.'

As Richie went to look at Eddie's hand, Bev came over asking what the fuck just happened. Eddie explained and Bev just shook her head.

'Eddie, I'm so sorry. We only invented him as a courtesy, we didn't think he'd come. And trust me, he's not going to be around much longer once I've spoken to him. Here, let me get you some ice.'

Bev ran off and came back with ice for Eddie's hand, leaving him with Richie to go and find Ben and tell him what had happened.

Once they were sat at the bar, Richie noticed that Eddie had been quiet for a while. He went to speak but was interrupted by Eddie's own voice.

'Chee, I'm so sorry. I didn't realise what he was doing until-'

'Woah, hey, Eds you don't have to apologise. About anything. You did nothing wrong. Not your fault that sleazeball couldn't keep his hands to himself, I mean not that I blame him,'

Richie winked and Eddie rolled his eyes.

'But Eds, please don't apologise. Are you okay?'

'Yeah, I'm okay. I just, I'm so glad you rescued me.' He blushed and laughed softly.

Richie leant forward and kissed his forehead.

'Hey. I'll always be here. Don't you know how much you mean to me?'

Eddie looked up and locked eyes with Richie. Slowly, he leant forward and captured his lips, kissing him deeply with everything he had.

'I love you, Chee. So, so much.'

'I love you too, Spaghetti.'

Eddie took the ice off of his hand and flexed his fingers, looking down at his reddening knuckles. Richie could tell he still felt deflated, so he took both of Eddie's hands carefully in his.

'Rich? What're you doing?'

'I don't care who flirts with you, or tries to dance with you, as long as you save the last dance for me.'

Richie slowly enticed Eddie to the dance floor and began to dance slowly to the music, sighing as Eddie came in to his space, wrapping himself around the love of his life and feeling content once again.